

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Miss Innes, spinster and guardian of Gertrude and Halsey, established summer headquarters at Sunny-side. Amidst numerous difficulties the servants deserted. As Miss Innes looked up for the night, she was startled by a dark figure on the veranda.

CHAPTER II.—She passed a terrible night, which was filled with unseemly noises. In the morning Miss Innes found a strange link cuff button in a clothes hamper.

CHAPTER III.—Gertrude and Halsey arrived with Jack Bailey. The house was awakened by a revolver shot. A strange man was found shot to death in the hall.

CHAPTER IV.—It proved to be the body of Arnold Armstrong, whose banker father owned the country house. Miss Innes found Halsey's revolver on the lawn. He and Jack Bailey had disappeared. The link cuff button mysteriously disappeared.

CHAPTER V.—Detective Jamieson and the coroner arrived. Gertrude revealed that she was engaged to Jack Bailey, with whom she had talked in the billiard room a few moments before the murder.

CHAPTER VI.

In the East Corridor.

When the detective left he enjoined absolute secrecy on everybody in the household. The Greenwood club promised the same thing, and as there are no Sunday afternoon papers, the murder was not publicly known until Monday. The coroner himself notified the Armstrong family lawyer, and early in the afternoon he came out. I had not seen Mr. Jamieson since morning, but I knew he had been interrogating the servants. Gertrude was locked in her room with a headache, and I had luncheon alone.

Mr. Harton, the lawyer, was a little, thin man, and he looked as if he did not relish his business that day.

"This is very unfortunate, Miss Innes," he said, after we had shaken hands. "Most unfortunate—and mysterious. With the father and mother in the west, I find everything revolves on me; and, as you can understand, it is an unpleasant duty."

"No doubt," I said absently. "Mr. Harton, I am going to ask you some questions, and I hope you will answer them. I feel that I am entitled to some knowledge, because I and my family are just now in a most ambiguous position."

I don't know whether he understood me or not; he took off his glasses and wiped them.

"I shall be very happy," he said with old-fashioned courtesy.

"Thank you, Mr. Harton, did Mr. Arnold Armstrong know that Sunny-side had been rented?"

"I think—yes, he did. In fact, I myself told him about it."

"And he knew who the tenants were?"

"Yes."

"He had not been living with the family for some years, I believe?"

"No. Unfortunately, there had been trouble between Arnold and his father. For two years he had lived in town."

"Then it would be unlikely that he came here last night to get possession of anything belonging to him?"

"I should think it hardly possible," he admitted. "To be perfectly frank, Miss Innes, I can not think of any reason whatever for his coming here as he did. He had been staying at the club house across the valley for the last week, Jarvis tells me, but that only explains how he came here, not why. It is a most unfortunate family."

He shook his head despondently, and I felt that this dried-up little man was the repository of much that he had not told me. I gave up trying to elicit any information from him, and we went together to view the body before it was taken to the city. It had been lifted on to the billiard-table and a sheet thrown over it; otherwise nothing had been touched. A soft hat lay beside it, and the collar of the dinner-coat was still turned up. The handsome, dispirited face of Arnold Armstrong, purged of its ugly lines, was now only pathetic. As we went in Mrs. Watson appeared at the card-room door.

"Come in, Mrs. Watson," the lawyer said. But she shook her head and withdrew; she was the only one in the house who seemed to regret the dead man, and even she seemed rather shocked than sorry.

Before Mr. Harton left, he told me something of the Armstrong family. Paul Armstrong, the father, had been married twice. Arnold was a son by the first marriage. The second Mrs. Armstrong had been a widow, with a child, a little girl. This child, now perhaps 20, was Louise Armstrong, having taken her stepfather's name, and was at present in California with the family.

"They will probably return at once," he concluded, "and part of my errand here to-day is to see if you will relinquish your lease here in their favor."

"We would better wait and see if they wish to come," I said. "It seems unlikely, and my town house is being remodeled." At that he let the matter drop, but it came up unpleasantly enough, later.

At six o'clock the body was taken away, and at seven-thirty, after an early dinner, Mr. Harton went. Gertrude had not come down, and there

was no news of Halsey. Mr. Jamieson had taken a lodging in the village, and I had not seen him since mid-afternoon. It was about nine o'clock, I think, when the bell rang and he was ushered into the living room.

"Sit down," I said grimly. "Have you found a clue that will incriminate me, Mr. Jamieson?"

He had the grace to look uncomfortable. "No," he said. "If you had killed Mr. Armstrong, you would have left no clues. You would have had too much intelligence."

After that we got along better. He was fishing in his pocket, and after a minute he brought out two scraps of paper. "I have been to the club-house," he said, "and among Mr. Armstrong's effects, I found these. One is curious; the other is puzzling."

The first was a sheet of club note-paper on which was written, over and over, the name "Halsey B. Innes." It was Halsey's flowing signature to a dot, but it lacked Halsey's ease. The ones toward the bottom of the sheet were much better than the top ones. Mr. Jamieson smiled at my face.

"His old tricks," he said. "That one is merely curious; this one, as I said before, is puzzling."

The second scrap, folded and re-folded into a compass so tiny that the writing had been partly obliterated, was part of a letter—the lower half of a sheet, not typed, but written in a cramped hand.

—by altering the plans for—rooms, may be possible. The best way, in my opinion would be to—the plan for—one of the—rooms—chimney.

That was all.

"Well," I said, looking up. "There is nothing in that, is there? A man ought to be able to change the plan of his house without becoming an object of suspicion."

"There is little in the paper itself," he admitted; "but why should Arnold Armstrong carry that around, unless it meant something? He never built a house, you may be sure of that. If it is this house, it may mean anything from a secret room."

"To an extra bathroom," I said scornfully. "Haven't you a thumbprint, too?"

"I have," he said with a smile, "and the print of a foot in a tulip bed, and a number of other things. The odddest part is, Miss Innes, that the thumb-mark is probably yours and the footprint certainly."

His audacity was the only thing that saved me; his amused smile put me on my mettle, and I ripped out a perfectly good scallop before I answered.

"Why did I step into the tulip bed?" I asked with interest.

"You picked up something," he said good-humoredly, "which you are going to tell me about later."

"Am I, indeed?" I was politely curious. "With this remarkable insight of yours, I wish you would tell me where I shall find my four-thousand-dollar motorcar."

"I was just coming to that," he said. "You will find it about 30 miles away, at Andrews Station, in a blacksmith shop, where it is being repaired."

I laid down my knitting then and looked at him.

"And Halsey?" I managed to say.

"We are going to exchange information," he said. "I am going to tell you that, when you tell me what you picked up in the tulip bed."

We looked steadily at each other; it was not an unfriendly stare; we were only measuring weapons. Then he smiled a little and got up.

"With your permission," he said, "I am going to examine the card room and the staircase again. You might think over my offer in the meantime."

(Continued next Friday)

BOWEN

Mrs. John Russell has returned home after spending a pleasant week with her sister near Burgin.

Mrs. Daugherty traded one of her mules for a horse. She also sold her old family cow known as "Old Hook-ertown."

Mr. Ed Kauffman is tossing his hat over the arrival of a fine boy, this being the first boy out of six children.

Mrs. Mack Moore, who has been an invalid for several years, is quite ill.

Mrs. Steve Russell's baby has been very sick, but is some better.

Mr. Nath McGuire, who resides with his brother, James, spent Saturday and Sunday with homefolks.

Miss Maggie Fox spent several days with friends in Danville.

The wedding bells have tolled at last, Miss Lillie McElfresh, the pretty and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mat Driesler and Mrs. Mat Drestier and Walter McElfresh the prosperous

young farmer, of this end were united in marriage, Wednesday April 10th. We hope they will have a long-happy life.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY

From Gallatin, Tenn., to Stanford Being Rushed There

A Gallatin, Tenn., paper last week published a news story to the effect that the much discussed railroad is to be built from that section to Stanford. The paper said:

This week a charter was secured for a new electric railway known as the Cumberland Valley and Inter-state Railway Company. The object is to run the line from Gallatin to Stanford or Somerset, Ky. The capital stock is \$50,000 to be increased at the proper time. Mayor Will R. Brown desiring to improve Gallatin and place better transportation facilities at her command, has been working on this enterprise for several months, and finally succeeded in getting a lot of men, who were financially able, to become interested in the enterprise, to such an extent that they entered into the project and secured the charter as above stated. The charter members are:

Harris Brown, Vice President, First National Bank, Gallatin, Tenn. S. M. Young, Judge Co. Court Smith Co. M. L. Wright, Press, Bank of Hartsville. W. M. Hall, cashier First National Bank, Gallatin. Will B. Brown, Asst. Cashier First Nat. Bank, Gallatin. W. G. Shamberger, Pres. Sumner Co. Bank & Trust Co. Gallatin. W. Y. Allen, Pres. Peoples Nat. Bank Gallatin. Ed. S. Payne, Capitalist, Enon College. A. F. and P. F. Burnley, tobacco factors, Willard. There are three or four routes under consideration to lead to the Kentucky terminus. One route would go by way of Hartsville, Dixon Springs, Lafayette, Red Boiling Springs, and thence to the terminus. Another route by way of Westmoreland, Epperson Springs, Lafayette, Red Springs and to the terminus. Another route by Westmoreland, Scottsville, and to the terminus. And still another route by way of Fountain Head, Portland, through Simpson and Allen Soundities, Ky., to the terminus.

The incorporators of this enterprise will be guided to a great extent by the amount of interest manifested by the different routes and will adopt the one showing the most financial interest. The charter members of this company are composed of the best men in Sumner, Trousdale Smith and Macon counties, and they are fully in earnest and say they intend to push the enterprise to completion.

AN ITEM OF HOME INTEREST

Charles Gormley, 307 Maxwell St. Lexington, Ky., has lately been cured of kidney and bladder trouble. He says: "I heard of Foley Kidney Pills and the good they were doing, and after taking them a few days the pain left my back, the tired feeling pressed away, and I am glad to recommend them." Shugars and Tanner.

BEE LICK.

C. G. Proctor is at home this week from Harlan, Ky.

Charlie Lyons, of Junction City, was here first of the week, on business.

Mrs. Nellie Colson of Clarence, spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother, Mrs. M. G. Reynolds.

K. S. Aleorn, of Stanford, was here Thursday on business.

Miss Bessie Isaacs, of Woodstock visited her sister, Mrs. Bradford Warren, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. A. G. Crider, the hustling merchant, is doing a fine business.

Morris Taylor made a business trip to Lexington last week.

Miss Doria Reynolds remains very ill.

Mr. Elmer Scott and W. T. De-laney were in Somerset on business last Saturday.

Dan Cupid says the wedding bells are soon to be heard ringing in this vicinity. Guess who for?

FELT BAD ALL THE TIME

Shellhorn Lady Suffered a Great Deal, But Is All Right Now.

Shellhorn, Ala.—In a letter from this place, Mrs. Carrie May says: "A short time ago, I commenced to have weak spells and headaches. I felt bad all the time, and soon grew so bad I couldn't stay up. I thought I would die. At last my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, and it helped me; so he got some more. After I had taken the second bottle, I was entirely well."

I wish every lady, suffering from womanly trouble, would try Cardui. It is the best medicine I know of. It did me more good than anything I ever used."

Cardui is a woman's tonic—a strengthening medicine for women, made from ingredients that act specifically on the womanly organs, and thus help to build up the womanly constitution to glowing good health.

As a remedy for woman's ills, it has a successful record of over 50 years.

Your druggist sells it. Please try it.

N. B.—Write for: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Cardui Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 66-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent to you free, on request.

Women

From Forty-Five to Fifty Are Much Benefited by
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The "change of life" is a most critical period in a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

When her system is in a deranged condition, she may be predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of some organ. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

These symptoms are calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance and the cry should be heeded in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared to meet the needs of women's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

MT. MORIAH.

Mrs. Flora Walls died suddenly Sunday afternoon. She was the widow of the late Henry Walls. She leaves five children to mourn the loss of a true mother. Mrs. Walls was 42 years of age and a member of the Methodist church and was prepared to meet her Savior, when the summons came. She was buried at Mt. Moriah Monday afternoon, after services by Rev. Crouch. We extend our deepest sympathy to the grief-stricken relatives.

Miss Minnie McGuffey, left Saturday for Decatur, Ill., to visit her sister, Mrs. Iva Mercer, who has been dangerously ill.

Clarence M. Deatherage was calling on his best girl Sunday.

Essie D. Wright, has built a new room to his store. He is getting his share of the trade.

Mrs. J. S. Young is improving after several days illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baugh of Danville, came over Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Baugh's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Hatfield, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Wapfield Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Meier entertained a number of their friends Saturday night. All report an enjoyable time.

Rev. H. R. Mills, who is visiting Danville, came over Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William McGuffey, of near Stanford, spent Monday here.

Oscar Brown was a caller here Sunday.

Charles G. Dunaway contemplates going to Michigan.

Mr. Isaac Baugh continues quite ill.

Uncle Ben Hintt was the guest of Mr. Dave Adams Sunday.

The prayer meeting at Mt. Moriah are being largely attended and when the weather gets better we hope for a larger congregation.

Mr. Joseph Bastin is on the sick list.

Mrs. Mollis Gastineau of near Preachersville, returned to her home Wednesday, after a visit with relatives here.

NOT A CANDIDATE

Joe Robinson, of Garrard, Won't Make Race For Prosecutor

The following from the Harrodsburg Herald will be read with much interest by the many friends of Attorney J. E. Robinson, of Lancaster.

The friends of Mr. Joseph Robinson in Mercer will learn with regret of his determination not to offer for Commonwealth's Attorney.

Having heard of the distinguished ability, the fearless courage and the uncompromising integrity which characterized his career as County Attorney of Garrard, many people had solicited him to make the race and had deter-



Mrs. Estella Gillispie

ONE CASE OUT OF MANY TO PROVE OUR CLAIMS.

St. Anne, Ill.—"I was passing through the change of life and I was a perfect wreck from female troubles. I had a displacement and bearing down pains, weak fainting spells, dizziness, then numb and cold feelings. Sometimes my feet and limbs were swollen. I was irregular and had so much backache and headache, was nervous, irritable and was despondent. Sometimes my appetite was good but more often it was not. My kidneys troubled me at times and I could walk only a short distance."

"I saw your advertisement in a paper and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I was helped from the first. At the end of two months the swelling had gone down, I was relieved of pain, and could walk with ease. I continued with the medicine and now I do almost all my housework. I know your medicine has saved me from the grave and I am willing for you to publish anything I write to you, for the good of others."—Mrs. ESTELLA GILLISPIE, R.F.D. No. 4, Box 24, St. Anne, Illinois.

ed to give him their earnest support. While in no wise a candidate he gave some consideration to the flattering solicitation of the voters of the county and of the other counties of the district. We are advised by one who seems to know that if the office were tendered him without opposition he could not accept it because of the sacrifice it would involve to his large practice and other business interests. There is no doubt that his candidacy would have received flattering recognition here, and it is to be regretted that such men cannot respond to the call of the people, because of the splendid and much-needed service they could give to their state. It is hoped that sometime in the future Mr. Robinson may find himself in such situation that when the people call for his earnest and patriotic services he will be able to respond heartily.

Clarksburg, Ky., W. J. Bellamy, gives particulars of his son's recovery. He says: "My boy of sixteen had bronchial trouble, ever since he was a baby, and it gradually grew worse until we feared consumption. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and soon there was such a marked improvement that I got a second bottle and this will, I think, make a permanent cure. The first bottle cured his stubborn cough and I think this wonderful medicine saved my boy's life." Shugars and Tanner.

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